Narrative Paper

Miss. Egley

October 17,2011

Audience: anyone who has lost someone important in their life

My Hero, My Inspiration, My Comedian, My Everything

February 6th 2007. A day I will remember for the rest of my life. On this Tuesday night, my Grandpa Marty, “Pop”, died after 10-year struggle with emphysema. Two days later, was his funeral. This was probably one of the hardest days of my life. At the time, I had already accepted the fact that Pop was gone but on February 8th, at his funeral, I had to say my official goodbye.

From the second I found out Pop was dead, I was in shock. I knew it was coming but when I heard my mom say “he’s gone”, it was like I had no idea it was coming. I thought nothing in my life would ever be the same. I would never be able to hear him tell his famous bird story again or see him on the sidelines of my soccer games. As my family and I prepared for his funeral, I thought I would be able to compose myself during the ceremony. I knew he was gone and never coming back. I cried so much the two previous days that I didn’t think I had any tears left. Little did I know, I was not mentally prepared and I had plenty of tears left.

Before the funeral began, I stood there as countless people came up to me and gave my family and me their condolences. How many more times could I hear “I’m so sorry” or “everything will be okay”? I didn’t care what they were saying. All I wanted to hear was my alarm going off, making this all a nightmare. All I could think about was the big, wooden box sitting 10 feet away from me with my grandpa, friend and hero laying lifeless in it. I knew if he were with me, my terrible mood would just be better. He would tell a joke or just smile and I would feel better as I always did.

As we moved into the chapel, I grabbed onto my mom’s hand and we followed the rest of my family into a large room filled with people who were there to honor my grandpa and support my family and me. I sat in the sanctuary and just stared at the coffin. I knew Pop was there, so close to me, yet so far away. I listened to the traditional ceremony and tried to think about all the memories and good times we had together, but all the positive memories would not cancel out this terrible one. Seeing my grandma and mom so upset is an image that is burnt into my mind forever. As the ceremony went on, I listened as the rabbi spoke about how we shouldn’t be mourning my grandpa’s death, we should be celebrating his life. When the ceremony was over, I was again greeted by family and friends. They told me that they were there for me. I knew this was true but they didn’t really know how I was feeling. Not only did I lose my grandfather but also I lost something more. Pop was my hero, my inspiration, my comedian, my everything.

As we proceeded to the graveyard, where we would burry Pop and end the ceremony, I just wanted this whole experience to be over. I stood in the 20-degree temperature and was only frozen by my emotions. Reality set in and I couldn’t help but think about how different my life would be. It wasn’t only going to be the major holidays ,like Thanksgiving ,that were going to be hard. I was going to be the little things, like not having someone call and ask me one- million questions about my day. As I listened to the conclusion of the ceremony, I couldn’t say my final goodbye. In the Jewish religion, the funeral ends by having the family shovel dirt onto the coffin in the ground. As the rabbi, explained the procedure to my family and I, I realized that I needed to physically say goodbye. I needed closure and for life to be back to normal again. After my cousin shoveled dirt onto the coffin, it was my turn. I grabbed the shovel and scooped up dirt and used all my might to throw it onto the coffin that was already settled in the ground. That was it. That was my goodbye.

After the funeral, while we were walking back to the car, my mom told me the worst was over. I didn’t believe her though. I thought about how tough it would be at the next family function and how his smiling face wouldn’t be there. My mom explained to me that it would be hard but no matter what happens we have each other and that Pop would always be there in our memories and hearts.

The next few family functions were extremely difficult. It was weird not having him sit on the couch asking us to bring him iced tea or lemonade. As time went, they got easier but there was still an emptiness inside of me. After a few months, I realized that I would miss Pop everyday for the rest of my life and nothing will ever change that. He had such an impact on my life and made me into the person I am today.